

MEMORIES



AND OTHER POEMS,

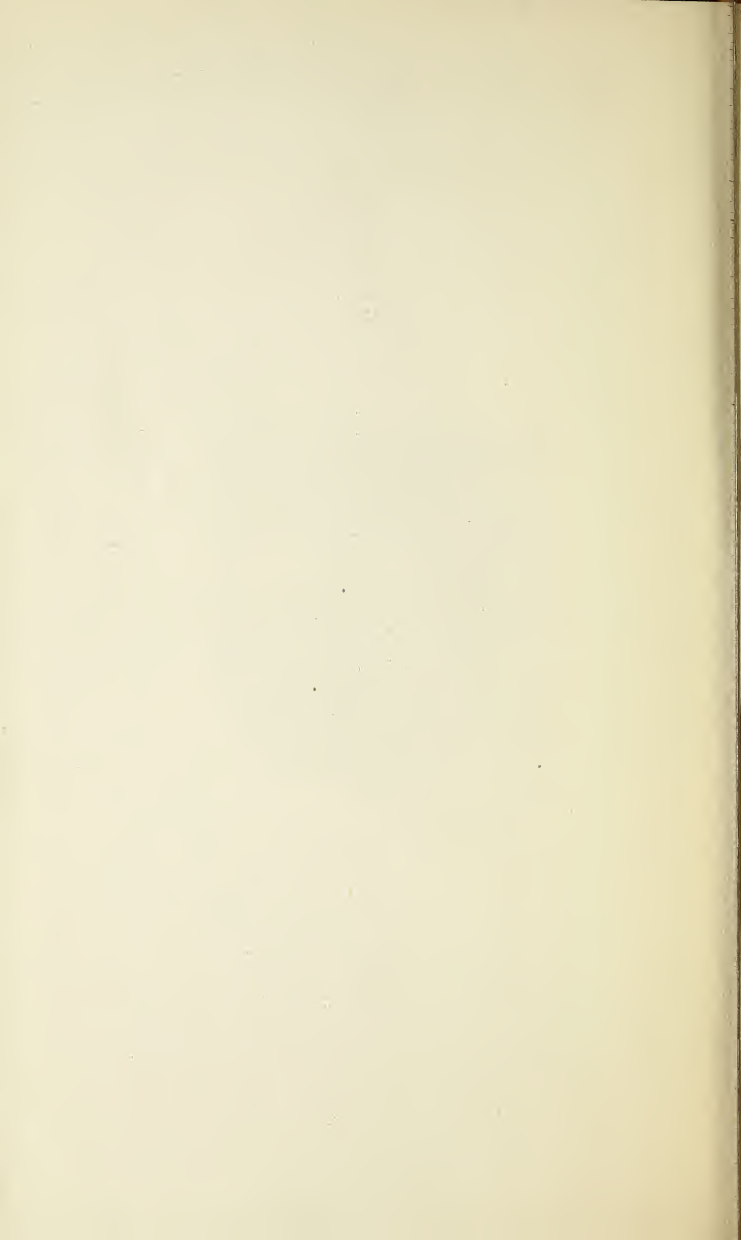
BY

E. J. SILLETT.



AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.





MEMORIES

AND OTHER POEMS.

By E. J. SILLETT.

RIPON :
WILLIAM HARRISON & SON (C. HARKER),
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,
"CHRONICLE" OFFICE, MARKET PLACE,
November, 1930.

HV 2335

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TO THE COUNTY I LOVE.

Northumbria, entrancing land,
I love thy heathered spaces.
Thy lovely vales, and sleepy hills,
Old walls, and sacred places.

PREFACE.

Encouraged by the reception that was given to my first effort in the making of verse, I am now presenting a further selection which I hope may meet with the same kindly appreciation.

Twelve years ago when blindness overtook me I had to learn two things, my new conditions of life, and then as quickly as possible to forget them by looking elsewhere for illumination.

Sight may go but insight remains, and by its aid I wandered into the fairy-land of memory, picking up all the threads I could find and weaving them into the material that mainly forms the substance of this book.

I know sufficient about the rich legacy of lyrical verse to make me fully conscious of my own limitations, yet having received many expressions of approval since the publication of my first Book of Poems, I feel I may still have something to say which might be an uplift to others.

I wish here to thank my friend, John Groves, and my

son Hilton, for their unselfish labours in the preparation of this book for the publishers.

I regret that my friend, Mr. J. W. Wallace, who wrote the preface for my first book, is not with us to-day, having passed away shortly after its publication. Those who possess a copy of that edition will remember his eloquent comments on nature and song. He was an author, a scholar, and a man of deep spirituality, ever willing to assist those that needed help. His friends will long remember and truly miss him.

And now a few words in conclusion. If perchance these simple verses should pass into the hands of others like myself, laid aside from the activities of the world, and they find any thought that will give them new courage, or bring added cheer into their lives, I shall feel that this little venture has not been in vain.

E. J. S.

226, Stanhope Street,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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WORDSWORTH.

Poet of valley and mountain,
Of rivulet, river and sea,
Of flower and rippling fountain,
Green hedgerows and sheltering tree.

Poet that sang of the graces
That mostly in children are found,
And poet of dear quiet places
Where silence speaks louder than sound.

Poet of deep meditation,
Great poet of memories too,
My heart has no hesitation
In paying this tribute to you.

THE NIGHT TRAIN RUNNING WEST.

There's a sound comes down the valley
In the quiet hour of rest ;
'Tis the puffing of an engine
With the night train running West.
And I follow it in fancy,
As it travels up the line
Through those scenes of wood and water
In the valley of the Tyne.

Wylam, decked in leafy grandeur,
Prudhoe, with its ancient Keep,
Ovingham, its silent churchyard
Where our Bewick lies asleep.
Mickley high above the river,
Stocksfield dipping to the plain,
Bywell in Arcadian beauty
With its ' sister Churches ' twain.

Riding Mill in sylvan splendour,
Corbridge—lovely river view ;
Hexham, with its time-worn Abbey,
These my fancy all renew.
When that sound comes down the valley,
In the quiet hour of rest,
Just the puffing of an engine,
With the night train running West.

IN THE MEADOWS.

I am roaming in the meadows,
In the early morning dew,
Breathing deep the fragrant odours,
And my thoughts go out to you.

In the confines of the city,
With its murk and shadows grey,
And I would that you were with me
Here, to greet this glad new day.

High above, the lark is singing,
While the sky is changing hue
As the sun comes forth in glory,
Bringing distant hills in view.

But of you I can't help thinking,
In that sombre city lane,
And I would that you were with me,
In these meadow fields again.

ULTIMATE GOOD.

To dwell on that which might have been
Will only make you sad,
Just think of all the good you've seen,
And all the joy you've had.

Forget the petty and the mean,
Go forth, unfetter'd free,
And leave behind what might have been,
For that which is to be.

CAEDMON.

A LEGEND OF WHITBY ABBEY.

To Whitby, on its rock-bound heights,
In early Saxon days,
A saintly maiden came to dwell,
And there a shrine did raise.

'Twas there within those sacred walls
Beside the surging sea,
The poet and the minstrel met
And first made melody.

And gathered in that festal hall,
Great joy the muse did bring ;
But one was there whose heart was sad
Because he could not sing.

Though he was but a herding man,
A keeper of the byre,
A noble zeal possessed his soul,
An all-consuming fire.

Sore stricken with a deep despair
He rose and fled the hall,
And wandered to a cattle shed
To brood within the stall.

And while in this despondent mood
An angel form drew near,
And gently touched him as he lay,
Thus greeting him with cheer :

"Why fled ye from the festal hall,
And here in darkness dwell?"
"Because," said he, "I fain would sing,
But could no story tell."

"But you shall sing," the angel said;
Your words will clearly ring,
And tell the handiwork of God
In each created thing.

The angel passed into the night;
But Caedmon dreamed till day,
And rose triumphant with his song
Of God's creative way.

And when the others heard his song
They all, with one accord,
Proclaimed that he was poet born,
A singer of the Lord.

The holy Abbess also heard,
And hearing, understood;
She housed him in the monastery,
Among the Brotherhood,

St. Hilda is the name she bears,
And who can justly say
The heritage we owe to her
In speech and song to-day.

And we, who love our English verse,
Do now glad homage pay,
To her who walked in saintliness,
To him who formed the lay.

PLAYING THE GAME !

The boy was in a happy mood,
His spirits light and gay ;
For he had gained his football cap
And for his school would play.

But sad indeed the master's heart,
A message came that day.
To tell him that the youngster's dad
Had, sudden, passed away.

He took the little chap aside,
And in a quiet way,
He broke the news, and then he said:
" Of course, you needn't stay."

The lad at once made quick reply:
"I thank you, all the same ;
" If you don't mind, I'll take my place ;
" I wish to play the game."

And play he did that afternoon
As never boy had done,
And when the final score went up
His school with ease had won.

The master met him on the field
And to him gently said :
" I don't know how you played so well,
" Your father lying dead?"

" Perhaps you thought me heartless, sir,
" Or one of selfish mind?
" But I just played that he might see—
For dad, in life was blind!"

THE LITTLE GOLDEN CRESTED WREN.

The little Golden-crested Wren
Had travelled miles that day,
And just within the reach of land
Its tiny wings gave way.

Close by the margin of the sea
A providential hand—
Some fisherman—had left his creel
With shell-fish on the sand.

That little Golden-crested Wren
Had crossed the mighty deep ;
And there, upon the basket perched
'Twas found, quite sound asleep.

WHAT IS WRONG ?

What is wrong with this world of ours ?
At times we hear men say.
Why all the gloom amid the bloom
Of nature's rich display ?

This verdant earth is good to see,
And good to hear its song,
Then why be sad, why not be glad,
My Brothers ! what is wrong ?

The Hand of God is bountiful.
His love is deep and strong !
The ways of man avert God's plan,
'Tis man himself is wrong.

IONA.

Upon a lonely Scottish isle,
Washed by the western sea,
There came to dwell in cloister cell
A man of piety.

Columba was the name he bore,
From Ireland grieved he came,
With deep intent to purge, repent,
Those things that brought him shame.

For he had been impetuous,
Had caused most deadly strife,
And stricken sore, left Erin's shore
To consecrate his life.

"Twas in the days of long ago,
The Pagan ruled the land,
This well he knew, and to subdue,
Devoutly prayed and planned.

The story of his holy life
Soon spread o'er land and sea,
And others came in Christ's own name
To join his ministry.

They lived in common brotherhood,
And there did raise a shrine,
Built dwellings crude, ate plainest food,
Renounced all raiment fine.

Young Oswald of Northumbria,
'The King that was to be,'
An exiled youth here sought the Truth,
And reverent, bent the knee.

In later years at Heavenfield,
A plain near Hexham town,
He battle drew, Cadwallon slew,
And brought the foemen down.

He truly loved Northumbria,
And longed to set it free
From Pagan yoke, so did invoke
The Northern Monastery.

They hearkened to his earnest cry,
His anxious call prevailed,
A teacher sent, who joyous went
And strove, but sadly failed.

Returning to that lonely isle,
A conference took place
When one of zeal made strong appeal
Their steps they should retrace.

The Abbot heard his burning words,
And felt their after-glow,
Ordained that he should Bishop be,
Decreed that he should go.

Thus Aidan to Northumbria came,
The church of Christ did raise
From faithful few it quickly grew
And grows in these our days.

“ GALILEE.”

I often think of that fair land
And little inland sea,
The rounded stretch of sacred strand
That leads to Galilee.

The shore where Christ Himself did walk,
The fishers, rugged, free ;
His loving and persuasive talk,
His simple “ Follow Me.”

Their humble homes with manners crude,
The crowd at Peter’s door,
The Master and the multitude,
The love for them he bore.

Those fishers and their fishing craft
With Jesus on the sea,
So weary, gently sleeping aft,
In His serenity.

The storm that broke upon the night
The sense of coming harm,
Their lack of faith and woeful plight,
Their cry, and then the calm.

The night the Master walked the deep
‘ A wondrous sight to see,’
When Peter tried his steps to keep,
And failed so manfully.

The crowd that came to hear Him preach
His boat close drawn in shore ;
The wafted word that reached the beach,
The word that could restore.

I often think of that fair land,
That little inland sea,
The rounded stretch of sacred strand,
Where Christ was wont to be.

“AN EASTWARD LOOK.”

'Tis good to take an Eastward look,
To linger there awhile,
And think of John, that saint of God,
In far-off Patmos Isle.

To picture, with the inner eye,
An old man, worn and grey,
And gathered there a little band,
To hear what he would say.

For he had walked the road with Christ,
Had gone from place to place.
From Galilee to Olivet,
His love and work could trace.

'Twas he who stood beside the cross,
With Mary in dismay,
And ran with Peter to the tomb
On that first Easter Day.

'Tis good to take an Eastward look,
And linger there awhile,
And think of that dear Saint of God
On far-off Patmos Isle.

TO RAMBLERS.

Before you pluck a living flower,
A loving thought is due
Forget not that it yields its life,
And loveliness to you ;
Whene'er you see a tiny cot,
Amid the branches long,
Remember that to raid that nest,
Will rob the world of song.

A DREAM.

I dreamt my child returned to me,
So close to me she drew,
I held her in my arms again,
The little form I knew.

She seemed to close her eyes in sleep.
To nestle on my breast,
T'was sweet the comfort that she gave,
As there she lay at rest.

Such precious dreams are very rare,
Tho' rare, Divinely true,
Dear love thoughts from the other side,
To strengthen and renew.

TO LOUIS BRAILLE.

Some men have famous monuments,
Rich carved forget-me-nots
But yours dear Braille will long prevail,
Tho' traced in tiny dots.

ROSES.

When Cathy brought me roses four,
Their bloom I could not see,
But beauty rare I knew was there,
Rich fragrance came to me.

Those lovely blooms are faded now,
And gone their scented store,
But still to me a memory,
Are those sweet roses four.

CONFIDENCE.

If one should put his trust in you
And breathe some secret sorrow,
Conceal it well for should you tell,
The world may know to-morrow.

MY BROTHER.

She was but a wee Scotch lassie,
No shoes upon her feet,
She carried something in her arms,
Which almost touched the street.

"That burden's far too big for you,"
Said one on passing by,
'Deed, no ; it's just my brither, sir,
The child made quick reply.

A lesson here for every one—
We all, the like may do,
Just go and help some mother's son,
For he's our brother too.

SAUL OF TARSUS.

Towards Damascus City walls,
Out on the desert way,
One, Saul of Tarsus ruthless came,
To persecute and slay.

When, sudden, on that lonely road,
A great transforming light
Arrested Saul ! he stood aghast,
Bewildered at the sight.

The Risen Christ was standing there
With all his wonted grace,
A look of deep undying love
Clear mirrored on his face.

The sorrow on his countenance,
His words so wondrous kind,
Caused Saul to stagger in the dust
Defeated, broken, blind.

With contrite heart, submissive will,
His purpose crushed and dead,
"What would'st thou, Lord, now have me do?"
None other word he said.

The Master His commandment gave,
And from that very hour
This man who wrought to wreck the faith
Became its living power.

MARCH.

Wild March you bring the daffodils,
You set the west wind free
To break the silence of the hills
And wrestle with the sea.

You give to life a glad new flush,
And prompt the birds to sing,
You kiss the green buds in the bush
And tell them it is spring.

BROKEN SILENCE.

Calm was the air and calm the
Deep stillness on the shore,
Not e'en the flutter of a wing,
No bird did sing or soar.
It seemed as if all sound was gone,
And gone for evermore.

In crept the dusk, proclaiming night,
Out shone a silver beam.
It spread its lustre on the sea,
And set it all a gleam.
Then came the loud bark of a dog
And broken was my dream.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

"The Kingdom of God is within you,"
These words we oft glibly repeat,
His Kingdom is there, but can we declare,
That the King has the most honoured seat.

BOULMER.

On the North East Coast of England
Just south of Howick Bay,
The fishing haunt of Boulmer lies
Unique, impressive, gray.

The dwellers on this rocky shore
'Mid peril brave can be,
And when the time for service comes
Will face the wildest sea.

'Twas on a dark December morn—
A morn of wind and snow,
Along the coast a signal ran
That sea folk quickly know.

It roused the sleeping fishermen
And roused their good wives too,
And soon they had the lifeboat out
Full soon they had their crew.

The women to the rescue came
With willing heart and hand,
They dragged the boat a mile and more
Along the snow swept sand.

At length they found a launching place
Out through the storm they ran,
They reached the vessel in distress
And saved them to a man.

The nation duly honoured them,
And now I hail them too—
"Long live the Boulmer fisherfolk,
Their lifeboat, and its crew!"

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

Nearby the railway terminus,
Out on the cold, damp street,
A boy was calling forth his wares,
Which oft he did repeat.

His sister, frail, beside him stood,
A partner in the trade ;
She stamped her feet to keep them warm,
That tiny little maid.

He looked down at her naked limbs,
And heaved such anxious sighs ;
Strove hard to keep the tears away
That gathered in his eyes.

And then a sudden impulse came,
An action, tender, neat ;
He doffed the cap from off his head
And placed it 'neath her feet.

When Raleigh spread his knightly cloak
He gave his Queen great joy ;
Yet no less handsome was the deed
Done by this ragged boy.

FAME.

When other men would praise you
And glorify your name,
Your head bend low, 'tis good to know
A fickle thing is fame.

THE AUTUMN HAS GONE.

The Autumn has gone,
The Winter is here,
The leaves are downtrodden,
And all seemeth drear.

But list to the redbreast,
So plaintive and clear,
He pipes to the dawning
The birth of the year.

THE TYNE.

I love the hills, I love the sea.
The woods my heart entwine.
I love all three, yet dear to me
The 'witching, wandering Tyne.

NATURAL CAUSES.

A Scotsman picked a sixpence up,
'Twas lying in the gutter ;
A passing motor knocked him down,
He went home on a shutter.

An inquest held upon the case,
No need for speech or pauses,
The jury brought this verdict in,
He died from natural causes.

MATCHES: A BURNING QUESTION.

If you're married and a smoker
'Twill be very safe to say
You have often heard this question
From the missus, by-the-way—

“ Have you seen my box of matches ;
“ Have you put them anywhere ? ”
Brave ! you square yourself for action,
And your innocence declare :

“ Well, I got a dozen boxes,
Now I can't find even one ;
Do you think I purchase matches
Just for you to strike for fun ? ”

Then you feel a bit uneasy,
Shuffle shyly in your chair,
Count the buttons on your waistcoat,
As you get this final flare—

“ If you will not be more careful
(Mark my words, I mean it too),
Not an other ounce of baccy
Will I ever bring for you ! ”

THIS LIFE IS FRAUGHT.

This life is fraught with ups and downs
And changes bringing chances,
With ins and outs and roundabouts
That folk call circumstances.

AN INCIDENT.

Two canny Scots were walking down
A city street one day,
When Sandy spied a half-crown-piece
As on the kerb it lay,

He quickly stooped and picked it up
But Jock turned ghastly white,
Then borrowed Sandy's half-crown-piece
To go and test his sight.

BRAILLE.

I lay my hands upon the book
To read the words in Braille ;
With fingers eight to work thereon
But seven of them fail

They glide across the dotted page
And not a word will tell ;
Because they know that finger one
Can do so very well.

The same occurs in daily life,
The busy get the call ;
'Tis always on the willing horse
The biggest burdens fall.

THE RING.

Now William a blind girl was courting,
Determined to her he would bring
A pleasing surprise, though dim were her eyes,
So brought her a gem-clustered ring.

He gave her the ring with affection,
She fingered it over with glee ;
And after awhile, she said, with a smile,
' There seems a stone missing, just see.'

Then William grew much agitated,
I thought you were blind, lass, said he.
You are perfectly right, I haven't my sight,
But stone blind, not quite, lad, said she.

WHAT IS A PATIENT ?

Pray what is a patient ?
A term very terse
Which plainly says one thing,
But oft means the reverse.
'Tis applied to one sick,
More fitting the nurse !

A MOTOR JINGLE.

It may be fine to own a car,
To speed up fast and free,
To cover thirty miles or more
While others walk but three.
It may be fine to travel far,
And yet it seems to me
That miles and speed don't matter much,
It's what you hear and see.

OFF TO THE SEA.

As I muse on the shore,
Heart stirred with emotion,
At the cry of the gull,
The surge of the ocean ;
I am crossing the Bar,
In a trance, I am free,
Once more as in boyhood,
I am off to the sea.

Out again on the deep,
In the dashing salt spray,
'Neath a star clustered sky,
I am sailing away.
On a ship pounding south,
With the land on the lee,
But there ! I've been dreaming,
I've been off to the sea.

'TIS BETTER TO SING.

'Tis better to sing than to sadden,
'Tis better to croon than to cry,
'Tis better to fight than to falter,
To do, than to dolefully die.

'TIS WONDROUS STILL.

'Tis wondrous still on a great lone hill,
With countless stars oer-head,
But more profound is stillness found,
When standing near the dead.

ST. PATRICK.

St. Patrick was a man of God,
And none can well gainsay,
He sanctified for many hearts,
The Shamrock worn to-day.

In peace they wear this emblem now,
Forgetting what has been,
When men and women suffered,
For the wearing of the Green.

“ ? ”

There's something that we each possess,
And take where'er we go ;
And yet we cannot measure it,
Its weight we never know.

We cannot lift it with a fork,
Nor sip it with a spoon ;
And yet we daily pass it round
To others late and soon.

It's not concerned with appetite,
Yet touches heart and sense ;
It is that strange, illusive thing,
That we call INFLUENCE.

WHILE MAN HAS MANY VARIED CREEDS.

While man has many varied creeds
And many varied cults,
Dame Nature, she knows nought of these,
She only knows results.

ST. AIDAN.

To Aidan of Iona's isle
I weave this simple lay,
To him who trod Northumbria's soil
And taught the perfect Way.

He came to rocky Lindisfarne,
To heal and teach and pray;
A ministry of doing good
From dawn to dusk of day.

King Oswald of Northumbria
Would join with him in prayer,
And when he preached the sacred Word
Was his interpreter.

He once did feast in regal form—
A legend doth relate—
And while assembled in the hall,
The poor besieged the gate.

The clamorous crowd was rough and rude,
The king he heard their cry,
And sent his vassals forth with food,
But could not all supply.

His heart was moved with piteous love
To help their wretched state,
He bade them break his silvern dish—
The dish from which he ate.

The Saint was touched at this sweet deed
Within the Royal fold,
He blessed the hand that made the gift,
And prayed 'twould ne'er grow old.

In after years when came the Dane
 (King Oswald's life was sped),
The monks did flee from Lindisfarne,
 Yet mindful of their dead.

When they at length did ope' the tomb,
 And his dear relics scanned,
Tradition says they found therein
 The King's unwithered hand.

NO SUN, NO MOON.

No sun, no moon, nor azure sky,
 No lustrous stars at night,
No verdant hills nor running rills,
 No landscape meets my sight.

But sounds are more intensified
 And very dear to me,
The singing bird is gladly heard,
 So too the surging sea.

The fragrance of the field and flower,
 The leaf stir in the tree,
The slightest touch now means so much.
 When eyes no longer see.

The tumult of the busy world,
 The movements in the street,
Sounds great or small on quick ears fall,
 Bring pictures quite complete.

LINES ON BURNS.

'Twas on the banks of bonnie Doon,
Near by the town of Ayr,
A lad was born one winter morn,
Whose gift of song was rare.

He sang of Nature's many moods
In his own simple way,
Of man and mouse, and e'en the louse,
On Miss's bonnet gay.

He sang of elfins in the kirk
An eerie midnight story
"The Brigg of Ayr," the old grey mare,
And "Tam in all his glory."

He sang the days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
In words of tender grace,
And "Scots wha ha'e that martial lay
Which stirs the Scottish race.

He hated cant and bigotry
And took the broader view,
His heart went out to bird and beasts,
And every flower that grew.

We know he had his weaker side,
A reckless lad could be,
The faults he had oft made him sad,
None felt them more than he.

He knew the pinch of poverty,
The cry of bairn and wife,
Yet always stood for brotherhood
And independent life.

So let us kindly think of him
To whom our memory turns,
And here to-day our tribute pay
To Scotland's poet, Burns.

SCOTLAND.

Here's to the land both rugged and grand,
Heart ties that nothing can sever,
With memories long, all treasured in song,
Scotland ! dear Scotland ! For ever !

SPRING SONG.

Spring ! Spring ! O the glad time of Spring,
The rapture that comes with the day ;
For the lark he must sing as he takes to the wing,
And the thrush he will have his say.

Smile ! Smile ! just get over the stile,
And cast all your troubles away ;
For it's good to be here in the Spring of the year,
In the blush and bloom of the May.

WE MAY DREAM.

We may dream we've struck a gold mine,
Or become a social star,
But we never dream we're better
Than conscience says we are.

NEWCASTLE CATHEDRAL. THE LANTERN TOWER.

There's an old Church in the City
Where a great bell booms the hour,
'Neath a crown of graceful arches,
Which we call the Lantern Tower.

Ben Jonson wrote admiring verse
In far off Tudor days,
And its long unfading beauty
Proves the wisdom of his praise.

Five hundred years in sun and shade,
'Mid tempest, shock and shower,
Those old grey stones have steadfast stood
With monumental power.

KENTON.

If you've never been to Kenton,
Take the road without delay,
Though it boasts no special beauty,
'Tis unique in its own way.

Mount the hill beside the quarry,
Lo ! a prospect truly grand,
Half the county lies before you,
Rugged, green Northumberland.

Eastward, Westward, moor and meadow,
Peaceful Hills in central view,
If you love a rural picture,
Kenton is the place for you.

DAY.

The Blackbird now begins to sing,
The thrush quaint notes repeat,
The dewdrops tiny lamplets bring,
The flowers cast odours sweet.

The sun comes forth with rays benign,
The grey mist creeps away,
The wind goes whispering thro' the pine,
Awake ! Salute the day.

STARLINGS.

Outside my bedroom window,
Across the narrow lane,
The starlings from the slated roof,
Are chatting once again.
Such jolly little neighbours,
Returning year by year,
I know not what they chat about,
But know they bring good cheer.

A RUSKIN STORY.

A lady once to Ruskin came
And showed him in her grief,
A deep, dark spot, an inky blot,
Upon her handkerchief.

He could not well remove the stain,
But round it deftly drew
A neat design, which made it fine,
And very precious too.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

I must take another journey,
'Tis nature's last decree ;
It will be a strange adventure
On a deep unchartered sea.
And I must go empty hand,
Take no earthly store with me,
Just my deeds and aspirations
What-so-ever they may be.

LINNEAUS.

When Linneaus to our Island came,
The golden gorse he found,
Enraptured by its beauty rare,
He prostrate kissed the ground.
How oft we heedless walk through life,
No golden glory see,
Just miss "the many splendoured thing"
Prepared and offered free.

PONTELAND.

'Tis one of memories' pictures now,
That old time rustic haunt,
The green byelane, the rook's caw strain,
The church, the bridge, the pont.
The narrow path beside the stream,
The hedgeside and the tree,
The quiet nook for pipe and book,
All now a memory.

MEMORIES.

How lovely are the many scenes,
The inner life can see,
Of moor and strand Northumberland,
I love to think of thee.

Old Roman and monastic walls
And castles, stately, grand,
With ruined pile on rocky isle
Our cherished holy land.

The Tyne, the Coquet and the Tweed,
With hill and vale and sea,
And landscape fair beyond compare,
They all come back to me.

MARY.

There is a name for ever dear,
Tho' others come and vary,
It falls like music on the ear,
That mystic name is "Mary."

SOME FRIENDS.

Some friends are ever near us,
Tho' they dwell quite far away,
And others very distant,
Tho' we meet them day by day.

A LITTLE THING.

A little thing that means so much
And comes with tender grace,
Is just a baby's tiny touch
Upon a careworn face.

HOW WONDROUS IS THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

How wondrous is the power of thought
To make us serfs or kings,
It sometimes brings us sadly down
And sometimes gives us wings.
So, whether on the mounts of joy
Or in the vale of woe,
There may be truth in Shakespeare's words
That "Thinking makes it so."

IF YOU ARE STIRRED BY A THOUGHT.

If you are stirred by a thought,
And you think it worth ought,
Just speak it or put it in rhyme,
For it may help another,
Some sister or brother,
A little step higher to climb.

WE EACH POSSESS A GARDEN.

We each possess a garden,
The Garden of the Soul ;
But thoughts and deeds
Grow flowers or weeds—
The growing we control.

A MAN WHO WAS CONTENT.

An owner posted on his gates
These words quite truly meant,
"I give this house to any man
Who proves he is content."

A fellow chanced to pass that way,
He read it with delight,
"By jove," said he, "a house for me
I'll claim it as my right."

He strait way to the owner went,
And promptly claimed the place,
"I am the essence of content,"
He said with smiling grace.

The owner gravely shook his head,
"There's some mistake," said he,
"For if you really are content
Why want this house from me."

TO MY DOG.

I have a friend,
A dear dumb friend,
To whom a verse is due,
Although he has no pedigree
His little heart is true.

He follows me from place to place,
Makes guardianship his hobby,
No high born dog could deeper love
More faithful serve than Bobby.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOS. ANDREW HENDERSON,
DIED JULY 12TH, 1926.

His heart was kind, his friendship true,
He served and gave his best,
In life he trod the upward path,
With God he left the rest.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Hark ! the bells of joy are ringing,
Through the midnight, o'er the snow,
Sweetly swelling, gladly telling
Of the Babe born long ago.

List ! the sound of voices singing
Sweet old songs that all men know.
Joyous singing, tidings bringing
Of the Babe born long ago.

Let our thoughts sweep o'er the ages,
To the manger let us go,
Love adoring, grace imploring,
That we more like Him may grow.

A VESPER.

Lord, bestow thy peace and blessing,
'Ere night shadows round us fall,
May we feel no dark depressing,
Love divine enfold us all.

